

Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me  
When I enquired their names?

*Herald.* We leave, they'r called  
*Arcite and Palamon,*

*Theb.* Tis right, those, those  
They are not dead?

*Her.* Nor in a state of life, had they bin taken  
3. Hearses ready. When their last hurts were given, twas possible  
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe  
And haue the name of men.

*Theb.* Then like men use 'em  
The very lees of such (millions of rates)  
Exceede the wine of others: all our Surgions  
Conuent in their behoofe, our richest balmes  
Rather then niggard wait, their liues concerne us,  
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then haue 'em  
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state  
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,  
But forty thousand fold, we had rather haue 'em  
Prisoners to us, then death; Beare 'em speedily  
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and minister  
What man to man may doe for our sake more,  
Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, bechastes,  
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,  
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,  
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too  
Without some imposition, sicknes in will  
Or wrastring strength in reason, for our Love  
And great *Appollos* mercy, all our best,  
Their best skill tender. Leade into the Citty,  
Where having bound things scatterd, we will post  
To Athens for our Army.

*Florish.**Exeunt.**Musicke.*

*Scena 5. Enter the Queenes with the Hearses of their  
Knights, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.*

*Vrnes, and odours, bring away,  
Vapours, sighes, darken the day;*

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*Our dole more deadly looks the  
Balmes, and Gummes, and hea  
Sacred vials fill'd with teares.  
And clamors through the wi*

*Come all sad, and solempne Sh  
That are quick-eyd pleasures  
We conuent nought else but w*

3. *Qu.* This funeral path, bring  
Ioy ceaze on you againe: peace!

2. *Qu.* And this to yours.

1. *Qu.* Yours this way: He  
A thousand differing waies, to c

3. *Qu.* This world's a Citty  
And Death's the market place, w

*Actus Secu**Scena I. Enter Iai*

*Iailer.* I may depart with little  
May cast to you, not much: Alas  
Keepe, though it be for great on  
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you  
Of Minnowes: I am given out to  
Then it can appeare, to me repo  
Speaker: I would I were really  
Delivered to be: Marry, what I  
it will) I will assure upon my dau  
The day of my death.

*Woer.* Sir I demaund no mo  
And I will estate your Daughte  
Have promised,